MACBETH

A FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST FOLIO TEXT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

J. Dover Wilson, Litt. D.

AND A LIST OF MODERN READINGS

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MACBETH

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By William Shakespeare

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THE FIRST FOLIO TEXT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By J. Dover Wilson, Litt.D.

AND A LIST OF MODERN READINGS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

MACBETH is one of the priceless possessions of the human race. It concerns all mankind, therefore, to know whether this incomparable work of art has come down to us in a reliable text. The verdict of editors upon the Folio version, the only primary text we possess, is certainly not favourable. 'It is one of the worst printed of all the plays,' is the opinion of the cautious Clark and Wright, 'especially as regards the metre, and not a few passages are hopelessly corrupt.'[1] These words were written in the day when editors laid most, if not all, the imperfections of a text at the printer's door. We should now express ourselves differently. There is no reason for supposing that the craftsmen in Jaggard's office were any less skilful in dealing with the copy for *Macbeth* than they were in transmitting to succeeding generations the exquisite text of *The Tempest*. If there be anything seriously wrong with the Folio *Macbeth*, the chances are—such is our modern view of these matters—that the blame rests not with the compositors but with the manuscript entrusted to them.

Was then the text facsimiled in this volume printed from an indifferent manuscript? Even this question cannot be answered directly and without discriminating. A manuscript may be quite good playhouse copy (*i.e.*, it may have been regarded as an excellent text by the actors Heminge and Condell, who furnished Jaggard with the material for the Folio), and yet depart seriously from the original manuscript that Shakespeare wrote. Most critics, for instance, agree in detecting a second hand in this play. They attribute the Hecate scene (3. 5) to Middleton, and, if that be his, he was presumably also responsible for portions of 4. 1, in which Hecate reappears. Clark and Wright, indeed, in a different edition of the play from that just quoted, go so far as to contend that several other scenes, beginning with that of the 'bloody sergeant' (1. 2) and found in every act of the play, are not from Shakespeare's pen.[2]

A discussion of questions of authorship would be out of place here. All I wish to point out is that if there be anything at all in Clark and Wright's contention, it would be amply sufficient to explain those textual defects which they in another publication attribute to the printer. For let us suppose—just for the sake of argument—that Middleton, after Shakespeare's retirement or death, were entrusted with a revision of *Macbeth* for some special performance, perhaps a performance at court, and that he saw fit to adapt it throughout and possibly to shorten it. In such a case considerable portions of the resulting manuscript, if not all, might be in his handwriting, not Shakespeare's, since he would probably be obliged to transcribe a good deal of the original. From the point of view of the modern reader, who cares nothing for Middleton and very much for Shakespeare, such a revision would seem more 'sacrilegious murder' than any crime of Macbeth himself. To the presiding geniuses at the Globe or Blackfriars, with pleasant memories perchance of successful performances, it may have appeared to furnish a distinctly better play as a theatre piece. However this may be, the Folio *Macbeth* bears traces both of Middleton's influence and of textual adaptation. In 3. 5 (p. 143a), we find the stage-direction '*Sing within. Come away, come away, etc.*', and in 4. 1 (p. 144a), the similar direction '*Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, etc.*', and the full text of these two songs was discovered by Steevens in 1779 in the MS. play *The Witch* by Middleton. As for adaptation, the double stage-direction '*Exeunt fighting —Enter fighting and Macbeth slaine*' (p. 151) proves, as Clark and Wright point out, 'that some alterations have been made in the conclusion of the piece'. Yet even if the traces of Middleton's hand were as universal as these critics go on to maintain, we moderns would have no real case against him. For we do not know what the original Shakespearian play was like, and the text he has transmitted is at any rate one of the masterpieces of the world.

Moreover, though we may suspect 'hopeless corruption' in certain obscure passages of the play, it is very difficult to feel certain about it. Taking the text as a whole, the verbal cruxes are few, and the indubitable misprints are only about half as numerous as those to be found for instance in *Coriolanus*. Without a doubt the Folio text presents us with good acting copy. And the proof of this is to be seen in the punctuation which, though not, I think, Shakespeare's own, is excellent of its kind. The manuscript must have been fully, even perhaps over-fully, pointed, and the instances are few in which the compositor goes astray, sometimes because he is confused by a word in his copy, as for instance at 134b. ix. 5-6,[3] which, restored by Rowe, reads:

> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate,

but which misprinting 'most' as 'must' the Folio gives:

> Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
> The ayre is delicate.

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Such errors, however, as I have said, seldom occur, and it is a strong testimony to the virtues of the punctuation that despite their denunciation of the Folio text as a whole, Clark and Wright follow it in this particular with striking fidelity.

Now in *Macbeth* punctuation is a more than usually important matter, since the meaning of several crucial passages depends upon it. There is, for example, the famous 'We fail' of Lady Macbeth (135b. iv. 4). Mrs. Siddons, we are told by Mrs. Jameson, after trying various interpretations, at length 'fixed on what I am convinced is the true reading—"we fail.", with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low,

[1] *The Works of Shakespeare* (1865), vol. vii, p. viii.
[2] *Macbeth*. Clarendon Press, pp. ix-xii.
[3] For the meaning of this and similar references see the Explanatory Note at the head of the list of Modern Readings.

resolute tone, which settled the issue at once—as though she had said "If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over". This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character, and the sense of the line following—and the effect was sublime, almost awful.'[1] Upon which we only remark, without any comment upon the appropriateness of 'dark fatalism' as applied to Lady Macbeth, that however sublime may have been Mrs. Siddons' 'effect', that conveyed by the Folio punctuation is different. For it reads 'We fail?', in which, as was often the case in these old texts, the query undoubtedly stands for a note of exclamation, an exclamation here of scornful amazement. And though I do not think that punctuation so heavy and so elaborate as that of *Macbeth* can have been precisely Shakespeare's own, whoever was its author took great pains in the making of it, and probably worked at it with Shakespeare's original before him. Editors and actors, therefore, if they choose to desert it, do so at their peril. To take another example, from the soliloquy at the beginning of the same scene, Clark and Wright, together with most other modern editors, print

> . . . that but this blow
> Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
> But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
> We'ld jump the life to come,

but the Folio (135a. v. 2-5) gives us:

> . . . that but this blow
> Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
> But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
> Wee'ld iumpe the life to come.

Surely the period after 'end all', denoting as it does a long pause, is not to be lightly thrown overboard as of no significance. Macbeth is soliloquizing—he is brooding. 'That but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all' is a complete thought in itself—or would have been, had not the thought of 'the life to come' followed, in due course, to give it new point and direction[2]. Nor is this the only stop in the speech worthy of study, and with the stops must be considered the capital letters which often denote emphasis. Indeed, the text as a whole is a fine specimen of dramatic punctuation, almost as fine as, though different from, *The Tempest* itself. It is unnecessary, for instance, to comment at length upon passages like this (137a. iv. 1-3):

> . . . no: this my Hand will rather
> The multitudinous Seas incarnadine,
> Making the Green one, Red

or this (142b. v. 3-4):

> It will have blood they say:
> Blood will have Blood.

Their quotation is enough. I do not say they were punctuated by Shakespeare; but they may have been.

The last example leads us back to Clark and Wright's indictment of the Folio text, the chief count in which, it will be remembered, was the irregular printing of the verse. Irregular or not, the breaking of the line just quoted into two was, I think, quite deliberately done in the copy. There are many instances of the phenomenon in this and other Folio texts, and it was a device, I make little doubt, to warn the actor to break off, it may be for some action, it may be just for a dramatic pause of considerable length[3]. A striking illustration occurs earlier in the same scene (142a. i. 1-5):

> *Macb.* The Table's full.
> *Lenox.* Here is a place reseru'd Sir.
> *Macb.* Where?
> *Lenox.* Heere my good Lord.
> What is't that moues your Highnesse?

Between the first and second halves of Lennox's line an eternity has passed—the awful thing for which the audience has been waiting spellbound has taken place—Macbeth has recognized in the figure seated upon the stool reserved for himself the murdered Banquo!

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that much of the irregularity in the printing of the verse in this text cannot be explained as serving any purpose, rhetorical or other. Though less pervading than the malady which similarly affects the text of *Coriolanus*, it runs the same sort of course, that is to say, it is chiefly to be found in short speeches and when it occurs in long speeches, it does so only at the beginning or the end. One peculiarity must be noted about it, viz., that its action is confined almost entirely to the first half of the play, since, apart from split lines such as those noted above, not a single example of misdivided verse is to be found after the entry of Banquo's ghost. But why this should be so, or why the phenomenon should occur at all, the reader, like the rest of us, must be left guessing.

[1] *Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women* (Bohn's Lib.), p. 375 n.
[2] See P. Simpson, *Shakespearian Punctuation*, pp. 82-3, for an eloquent justification of this pointing on metrical grounds.
[3] *Cf.* Simpson, *op. cit.*, pp. 69-70.

J. D. W.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The merciless *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.
Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Rosse. God saue the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Rosse. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.
King. Great happinesse.
Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburs'd, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he ſeemes wrapt withall: to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo.*
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelfe-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy ſucceſſe: and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and euery one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In

In which addition, haile moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Deuill ſpeake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ſtay vpon your leyſure.
Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leaſe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon,
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.

O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The ſeruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.
King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.
Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape.

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo:* he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not looſe the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be vndone High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?

Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Rauen himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. My deareſt Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſoueraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.

Macb. We will ſpeake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.

Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I haue obſeru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The Loue that followes vs; ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (ſharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hoſteſſe
We are your gueſt to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themſelues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highneſſe pleaſure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt we loue him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hoſteſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Diſhes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter, This euen handed Iuſtice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almoſt ſupt: why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newеſt gloſſe,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beaſt was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themſelues, and that their fitneſſe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had I ſo ſworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould faile?
Lady. We faile?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is aſleepe,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waſſell, ſo conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swiniſh ſleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan*? What not put vpon
His ſpungie Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am ſettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.
Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse,
And shut vp in measurelesse content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'st leysure.
Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd.
Macb. Good repose the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suites with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made thē drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?
Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Mac. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.
Lady. Consider it not so deepely.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here you'le sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'euerlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drinke especially prouoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.
Macd. I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limitted seruice. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was feuorous,
And did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon.* Doe not bid me speake:

See,and then ſpeake your ſelues: awake,awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther,and Treaſon,
Banquo,and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey ſleepe,Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it ſelfe: vp,vp,and ſee
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*,*Banquo*,
As from your Graues riſe vp,and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the Buſineſſe?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeake,ſpeake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can ſpeake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*,*Banquo*, Our Royall Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe,alas:
What,in our Houſe?
Ban. Too cruell,any where.
Deare *Duff*,I prythee contradict thy ſelfe,
And ſay,it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth,Lenox,and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne,and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault,to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſſe?
Macb. You are,and doe not know't:
The Spring,the Head,the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ſtopt,the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh,by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber,as it ſeem'd,had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers,which vnwip'd,we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they ſtar'd,and were diſtracted,
No mans Life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O,yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe,amaz'd,temp'rate,& furious,
Loyall,and Neutrall,in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawſer,Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne,lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs,look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage,to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence,hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moſt may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruſh,and ſeize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let vs meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake vs:
In the great Hand of God I ſtand,and thence,
Againſt the vndivulg'd pretence,I fight
Of Treaſonous Mallice.
Macd. And ſo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readineſſe,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an vnfelt Sorrow,is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland,I:
Our ſeperated fortune ſhall keepe vs both the ſafer:
Where we are,there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood,the neerer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted:and our ſafeſt way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horſe,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteales it ſelfe,when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe,with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time,I haue ſeene
Houres dreadfull,and things ſtrange: but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha,good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heauens,as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night ſtrangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance,or the Dayes ſhame,
That Darkneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light ſhould kiſſe it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at,and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncans* Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)
Beauteous,and ſwift,the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature,broke their ſtalls,flong out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience,as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid,they eate each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'dst most fowly for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice
(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if 't be so,
For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Exit Seruant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,
Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelfe.
This I made good to you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That euery minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make loue,
Maſking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.

2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth.* Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will aduiſe you where to plant your ſelues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearneſſe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done,

Macb. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things diſ-ioynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and ſleepe
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele, nor Poyſon,
Mallice domeſtique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Gueſts to Night.

Macb. So ſhall I Loue, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that wee muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.
1. Then stand with vs:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approches
The subiect of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Peast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place reſeru'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: neuer ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan*. O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then lle ſit downe: Giue me ſome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoſt.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You haue diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they ſay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vſe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haste, shee'l soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,)
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduise him to a Caution, t hold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey. Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eccliplse:

Nose

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one ſhall ſhare i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waues
Confound and ſwallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l anſwer.
1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. *Apparation, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe,*
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*
2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*
2 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Deſcends.*
Mac. Then liue *Macduffe:* what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 *Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chaſes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſmane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this? ——A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Mach. Saw you the Weyard Sifters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe neuer is o're-tooke
Vnleſſe the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff*, I will ſurprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpoſe coole,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Roſſe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſſe: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Roſſe. You know not
Whether it was his wiſedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wiſedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The moſt diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wiſedome, where the flight
So runnes againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deereſt Cooz,
I pray you ſchoole your ſelfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Iudicious, and beſt knowes
The fits o'th'Seaſon. I dare not ſpeake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our ſelues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coſine,
Bleſſing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-leſſe.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a Foole, ſhould I ſtay longer
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Roſſe.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and ſo do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dſt neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why ſhould I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to ſell againe.
Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that ſweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do ſo.
Wife. Euery one that do's ſo, is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
Wife. Euery one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
Wife. Why, the honeſt men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honeſt men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good ſigne, that I ſhould quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſſe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too ſauage:
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your perſon. Heauen preſerue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Meſſenger*
Wife. Whether ſhould I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To ſay I haue done no harme?
What are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place ſo vnſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt thou ſhagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos d Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings. yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accuſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe Euils thou repeat'ſt vpon thy ſelfe,
Hath baniſh'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haſt: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.
A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poore Country,
Almoſt affraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt griefe?
Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How goes't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares diſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Roſſe. I haue ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
Exit Lady.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight:
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue Now do's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfiſh Theefe.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle, and ſtart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer ſagge with doubt, nor ſhake with feare.
Enter Seruant.
The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thoſe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you,
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will cheere me euer, or diſ-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to haue: but in their ſteed,
Curſes. not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleſh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor.
Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoſe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure of that:
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelfe.
Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come ſir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, finde her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt ỹ of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Coſins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Syew. What wood is this before vs?
Ment. The wood of Birnane.
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt, and make diſcouery
Erre in report of vs.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane, and will indure
Our ſetting downe befor't.
Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ſerue with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our iuſt Cenſures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with, Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siedge to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſenſes would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a mouing Groue.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th'all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. *Enter Macduffe.*
Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then termes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He only liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire aloud with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flourish. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

MODERN READINGS

EXPLANATORY NOTE

THE SOLE PURPOSE *of the list that follows is to facilitate the study of the text. It accordingly includes such words and phrases as might be expected, by reason of misprint, archaic spelling, or punctuation, to puzzle the modern eye, followed by the emendation or alteration accepted in most standard editions, though a certain number of conjectural readings (marked 'J. D. W.') are taken from* The New Shakespeare *in the case of texts which have already appeared in that edition. Misprints and spellings which ought to present no difficulty have been ignored, and among these have been reckoned common sixteenth- and seventeenth-century forms like* too (*to*), a (*of*), a (*he*), and (*an=if*), then (*than*), I (*ay*), y'are (*you are*), whether (*whither*), loose (*lose*). *Though most of the emendations given are sanctioned by general consent and never likely to be questioned, it must not be assumed that the inclusion of a reading implies approval or endorsement—a caveat perhaps especially necessary in respect of the modern alterations in punctuation. The name in brackets is that of the critic or text first responsible for the emendation. No attempt has been made to deal with irregularities in the arrangement of verse.*

The line references are given in two forms: (i) based upon act and scene divisions according to the numeration of the Globe Shakespeare, *and (ii) based upon the page and column of the Folio text according to a new system which may be explained thus. In a full column of the Folio there are sixty-six lines of type (excluding the catchword at the foot of column b), which may be divided into eleven sections of six lines each. This gives us, when represented on a strip of cardboard like the line-indicator furnished with this volume, a unit of measurement by the aid of which any line can be found on a folio page without difficulty. For example, a reading quoted* Macb. 140b. vii, 2, *is to be found in the second column of p.* 140 *of the Tragedies, and in the second line of section vii of that page, measured by the line-indicator. It should be noted that the printers give a separate page-numeration to each of the three sections of the Folio: comedies, histories, tragedies. There are, therefore, three pages numbered* 140.

MODERN READINGS

1.1.9. 131a.v.6. *calls anon:* calls:—anon! (Capell)
1.2.13. x.2. *Gallowgrosses* gallowglasses (F2)
14. x.3. *Quarry* quarrel (Hanmer)
21. xi.4. *neu'r* ne'er (Knight)
26. 131b.iv.3. *Thunders:* thunders break, (Pope)
32. v.3. *furbusht* furbished (Rowe)
56. x.4. *Point, rebellious Arme* point rebellious, arm (Theobald)
1.3.18. 132a.vi.4. *Ile* I will (Pope)
32. viii.6. *weyward* weird (Theobald)—and so throughout text
39. x.4. *Soris* Forres (Pope)
97. 132b.x.3. *death, as* death. As (Pope) *Tale* hail (Rowe)
98. x.4. *Can* Came (Rowe)
135. 133a.vi.6. *Heire* hair (Rowe)
1.4.1. 133b.ii.4. *Or* Are (F2)
42. x.4. *Envernes* Inverness (Pope)
1.5.26. 134a.vii.6. *High thee* Hie thee (F4)
48. 134b.i.2. *Th'effect, and hit* The effect and it (F3)
64. iv.4. *beguile the time.* beguile the time, (Theobald)
1.6.4. viii.6. *Barlet* martlet (Rowe)
5. viii.7. *Mansonry* mansionry (Theobald)
6. viii.8. *Iutty frieze* jutty, frieze (Steevens)
8. ix.4. *procreant Cradle,* procreant cradle: (Rowe)
9 ix.5. *must breed* most breed (Rowe) *and haunt:* and haunt (Rowe)
1.6.20. 134b.xi.6. *Ermites* hermits (F3)
29. 135a.ii.6. *Host we* host: we
1.7.5. v.3. *end all. Heere,* end-all here, (Hanmer)
6. v.4. *Schoole* shoal (Theobald)
11. vi.3. *Ingredience* ingredients (Pope)
47. 135b.ii.1. *dares no* dares do (Rowe)
68. vi.1. *lyes* lie (F2)
2.1.55. 136a.x.5. *rauishing sides* ravishing strides (Pope)
56. x.6. *sowre* sure (Capell)
57. xi.1. *which they may* which way they (Rowe)
2.2.63. 137a.iv.3. *Making the Greene one, Red.* making the green one red. (F4)
2.4.6. 138b.ix.2. *Threatens* Threaten (Rowe)
28. 139a.iii.3. *will rauen* wilt ravin (Warburton)
3.1.70. 139b.ix.6. *the Seedes of Banquo* the seed of Banquo (Pope)
106. 140a.vi.6. *the Heart; and loue* the heart and love (Pope)
110. vii.5. *Hath so incens'd* Have so incensed (Rowe)
3.2.13. 140b.vii.2. *scorch'd the Snake* scotch'd the snake (Theobald)
3.4.34. 141b.ix.1. *'tis a making:* 'tis a-making, (Malone)
78. 142a.vii.4. *The times has bene* the time has been (Grant White)
122. 142b.v.3. *It will have blood they say: Blood* It will have blood; they say, blood
144. ix.3. *yong indeed* young in deed (Theobald)

3.6.24. 143b.i.2. *The sonnes of Duncane*
The son of Duncan (Theobald)

38. iii.4. *their King* the king (Hanmer)

4.1.7. viii.3. *thirty one:* thirty one (Capell)

34. 144a.i.6. *Ingredience* ingredients (Rowe)

59. vi.6. *Natures Germaine, tumble altogether*
nature's germins tumble all together (Theobald, Pope)

83. 144b.i.5. *assurance: double sure*
assurance double sure (Pope)

93. iii.5. *high Dunsmane*
high Duninsane (F4)

97. iv.4. *Rebellious dead*
Rebellion's head (Hanmer)

98. iv.5. *Byrnan* Birnam (F4)

119. viii.5. *eight* eighth (F3)

4.2.42. 145b.iii.5. *withall* with all (F2)

70. viii.3. *fright you thus. Me thinkes*
fright you thus, methinks

4.3.4. 146a.ii.6. *downfall Birthdome*
down-fall'n birthdom (Warburton)

4.3.15. 146a.iv.6. *discerne* deserve (Theobald)

46. x.6. *my Sword; yet* my sword, yet

72. 146b.iv.6. *cold. The time*
cold, the time (Theobald)

107. xi.2. *accust* accursed (F2)

113. 147a.i.2. *Hath banish'd* Have banished (Rowe)

133. iv.5. *they heere approach*
thy here-approach (F2, Pope)

168. xi.6. *rent* rend (Rowe)

233. 148a.iii.1. *and my selfe* and my self;

235 iii.4. *This time* This tune (Rowe)

5.1.1. vi.1. *too Nights* two nights (F2)

29. ix.6. *sense are* sense is (Rowe)

5.2.10. 148b.xi.1. *vnruffe youths*
unrough youths (Theobald)

5.3.39. 149b.ii.4. *Cure of* Cure her of (F2)

52. iv.6. *pristiue* pristine (F2)

55. v.3. *Cyme* senna (F4)

5.5.38. 150a.x.5. *fhlse* false (F2)

39. x.6. *shall* shalt (F2)

This book may be kept
FOURTEEN DAYS
A fi[illegible] harged for each day
[illegible].